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A BLUES FOR CARLOS
STEVE ALMOND

You'll never read this, this song for faggots and brains; you're destined to become one of the toughs, dedicated to small acts of damage, laughing out the side of your mouth at the firecracker you shoved up a cat's ass, at the chisel you made in shop class and what it could do, kissed by the reefer, with a lighter and oily skin.

Whatever happens next happens; there's no angle in reflection. You'll find crime anyway, some bad business turned on those who terrorize you with concern, your body given over to the brief fame of catastrophe, your hate so pure it becomes a kind of doomed love.

There's no other word to describe the scrape of asphalt along your skin, the tender bruises you secretly touch, the punches thrown until the sound of your pain becomes music, a blues for three instruments: voice, bell, and slow trumpet.

